

Our Politicians

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By W. E. Hill



More lovely ladies than ever before are going in for political careers. And in a big way, too. Civic social services are being formed and musical expression weeks are being broadcast, to say nothing of leagues for fancy vocational guidance whereby girls between the ages of sixteen and late senility are taught folk dancing, permanent waving and how to tell which cantaloupes are for eating and which are for complaining about to the fruit dealer.



When a politician gets photographed with all his family, a kiddie or two on his knee, and the family dog, it means that he is being groomed for presidential material.



A politician, particularly if he has a personality that captivates the ladies, loves to be photo'd on a bathing beach in a play boy pose for the roto section. This is Senator Portfolio, who is sponsoring a new bill to be presented to the legislature. It is to be known as the "anti-crime bill," and not only makes all crime illegal, but urges the compulsory registration of all criminals before said criminals commit a felony. "This," says Senator Portfolio, "is a sure method of combating the red menace."



This boy is what is known in international politics as diplomatic material and is attached to an embassy or consulate or something. It's a ticklish job and requires great presence of mind as well as almost superhuman tact, because one never can tell just when a senator's wife is going to become jealous of a representative's wife, or vice versa, and call names right out in public and refuse to eat off the same buffet. Then it is that diplomacy comes in and things have to be smoothed over.



The men higher up in political life are seldom exposed to public gaze except at times of great stress and then they are apt to be annoyed by investigative committees and nosy reformers who ask, "Where were you between 9 and 10 on the Eve of St. Agnes when Gorilla Hogan was bumped off, and why were your yearly profits from the undertaking and embalming business increased \$132,000 over 1930?" Of course, the answer is, "On the advice of my counsel I must decline to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate and degrade me."



The politician's wife will, at the drop of a hat, tell you how Bernard just *hates* political life, but they won't let him alone and keep begging him to run for supervisor of state insane asylums. And, of course, Bernie wants to do what is right and if everybody wants him, why what can he do?



"Well, well, well! So you're a reporter! You know I used to be a newspaperman myself!" Just a senator being cordial to a reporter who may be influenced into friendliness.



"If Mrs. Pestle gets appointed postmistress we'll never get any mail! You know she's a slow reader, and it takes her ages to decipher a postal card."



To be a real big time figure in political life today, it is absolutely essential for a politician to be something of a wise cracker.



A politician accused of something or other getting all hurt and worked up. "It is the communists and the bolsheviks who are at the bottom of it," says he.